

The Florence Tribune.

VOL. VI.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1897.

NO. 23.

Across the Continent on the Stearns.

NEARLY 4,000 MILES WITHOUT A BREAK.
400 RIDERS—400 WHEELS.
NOTHING BUT STEARNS BICYCLES RIDDEN.

THE Journal-Examiner Yellow Fellow Relay finished Sept. 7, in the marvelous time of 13 days, was the greatest cycling event ever originated, and its successful execution demonstrates the strength and speed of the Stearns as these virtues have never before been established for any bicycle. This ride over trails, mountain passes, rocks, boulders, railroad ties, deserts and active fields in such time is simply marvelous, and it all stands to the credit of the Stearns, whose makers originated and successfully executed the relay.

The way to do it is to do it on the Stearns.

E. C. STEARNS & COMPANY, MAKERS,

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K. L. HART, Agent,

Tucson, Arizona.

RAIL ROAD TIME TABLES

Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix R'y Co.

WITH THE

SANTA FE SYSTEM

Is the Shortest

And Quickest Route

To Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago

and all points EAST.

S. F., P. & P. TIME TABLE, No. 21,

Effective May 8, 1897.

Days Through Time Card Days

Mond 5:00 p.m. San Francisco, Ar. 10:45 a.m. Wedn

Tues 10:45 a.m. Los Angeles, Ar. 1:40 p.m. Tues

Tues 1:40 p.m. Barstow, Ar. 5:10 a.m. Tues

Tues 5:10 a.m. The Needles, Ar. 1:00 p.m. Tues

Wedn 1:00 p.m. Kingman, Ar. 1:40 p.m. Wedn

Wedn 1:40 p.m. Ash Fork, Ar. 5:20 p.m. Wedn

Mon 5:20 p.m. Phoenix, Ar. 1:00 p.m. Mon

Mon 1:00 p.m. St. Louis, Ar. 6:50 a.m. Mon

Tues 6:50 a.m. Kansas City, Ar. 1:00 p.m. Tues

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TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM.

Romance of the Indian Reservation Up to Date and Beyond.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"Merciful heavens, Major Skadgers, your daughter has just been carried off by an Indian!"

Thus spoke Frederick Dressup, a young lieutenant in Major Skadgers' division of United States cavalry stationed at Fort Pill, Ind. Ter.

"Not Birdie?" exclaimed Major Skadgers, springing to his feet.

"Yes."

"Who was the Indian?"

"Speckled Lightning, chief of the Kiowas."

"Heaven help us, I fear there is no hope. Speckled Lightning, of all the chiefs! He was the most peaceable and friendly Indian on the reservation."

"We may be able to overtake them in time," said Lieutenant Dressup.

"We must," said the Major. "If we do not it means a long and bloody war with the Kiowas. Call Pigeon-Toed Pete, the scout, and have fifty men ready to start upon the trail in half an hour."

Thirty minutes later the band of determined cavalymen with Maj. Skadgers and Pigeon-Toed Pete at their head set out from the fort. Pigeon-Toed Pete went aloft with the rapidity and certainty of a sleuth-hound, closely scanning the trail of the Indian.

At sundown they came in sight of a white tepee, from which rose a thin column of smoke.

"They are there," said Pigeon-Toed Pete, "my work is done."

"Pray heaven we are in time," hoarsely muttered Lieut. Dressup; "but, see, some one raises the tent flap."

Suddenly Maj. Skadgers cried, "We are too late," and fell senseless from his horse.

Pigeon-Toed Pete looked and saw Birdie Skadgers, a beautiful woman thirty-seven years of age, emerge from the Indian tepee.

"Too late!" said Pigeon-Toed Pete. "I knew we would be. Nothing could have saved him."

In her hand Birdie Skadgers held the scalp of Speckled Lightning, chief of the Kiowas.

Phoenix, claiming a population of anywhere from 12,000 to 15,000, only polled 800 votes at the recent election, or about the same as polled at the last election in Prescott. The total registration of Phoenix amounted to only 1000.

The pursuit of Cornelius Asarta, the Mexican who escaped from the Prescott jail, has been practically abandoned, as it is thought that he has crossed over into Mexico. It is more than likely that he is in hiding in the San Domingo county, having joined the colony of criminals that live in that section.—[Phoenix Gazette.]

Yuma proposes to freeze that old hell-and-blanket story to death by putting up a cold-storage plant that will change the climate of the place. As Chauncey Depew has recently exhumed the crematory joke, buried ten years ago, and saved it off on Phoenix, that town also has schemes in view. It is alleged that a sponge roof is to be built over Phoenix and soaked with water every night, and that the rapid evaporation after sunrise will make a frost by 10 a. m., and good skating in the streets about fourth drink time.—[Los Angeles Times.]

General O'Neill's municipal law, concerning the governing of certain cities of Arizona, contains more genuinely good points in it than was at first supposed, or it would never have found its way through the legislature. It gives all tax-paying women the right to vote at all municipal elections. It also allows the referendum, or, in other words, the reference to the people for their approval, of any ordinance which may be desired adopted, provided a fixed ratio of citizens demands the same. The fact is, General O'Neill did some good work, notwithstanding he had to do it with the celebrated "tin-horn" legislature.—[Tucson Star.]

A change is announced in the Black Warrior Copper Company, Col. Jas. A. Fleming, president, having purchased Dr. Ford's interest in the bond on the property, which gives him the controlling interest. Supt. W. W. Hill has received instructions to push development work, and he will increase the force as rapidly as practicable. Pumps are now being put in the shaft on the Black Copper claim, preparatory to sinking the shaft deeper. It is now down 330 feet. The working shaft on the Dadeville has been completed to a depth of 100 feet. Col. Fleming is expected here in a few days.—[Globe Silver Belt.]

Subscribe for the Florence Tribune, the only newspaper in Pinal county.

Wanamaker.

[From the Silver Knight.]

John Wanamaker, Harrison's Postmaster General, is one of the most extensive business men in the country. The boom has hit him and hit him hard. The vast stores of goods which he has on hand, the want of purchasers and the inability of purchasers to pay, with no prospects of a change in the future, have made this merchant prince realize that there is suffering in the country. He did not believe it. He thought it was the other fellow's fault on fire which produced the bad smell until he was scorched above the head, and then he commenced to look for the cause. The following is a specimen of his walling before the Business Men's Club of Philadelphia last week:

The tide will soon set in strongly against the Republican party unless the depression of business is altered. Idleness and want breed a bitter discontent which will never be overcome until there are ample employments.

The foes which America has to fear are not the sullen, savage Turks nor the insurrectionists of Cuba, nor the territory grasping British, but they are our own patient and heart-broken people, who, disappointed and disheartened, no longer have faith in their party, and will turn to any leadership that offers promise of better times, believing that worse times can never come than those now existing.

This language would never have been used by Mr. Wanamaker if his withers had been unwrung. No man in America can endure the boll on the other fellow's nose with more complacency than benevolent Wanamaker, but the universal squeeze that reduces the price of every yard of goods and every pound of merchandise of every kind a little each day, after it has destroyed the small men, gnaws at the vitals of the big ones.

Why Mr. Wanamaker should ever have been in favor of destroying the capacity of his customers to buy and pay for his goods, is marvellous. Why he should ever have believed that the only good money was money which would increase in value by reason of its scarcity, and make everything he had about in price, seems passing strange. But there is a vein of fetish worship among merchants' prices of a community which every body wants and few can get on account of its scarcity. They buy such things with the view of selling them at a higher price, but when they undertake to buy money on speculation and go in debt for that purpose, they find that the debt not only eats up the profit on the money they buy on speculation, but eats up their property. Then they begin to squeal after the fashion of the Wanamakers.

This squeal from Wanamaker is the suppressed voice of all great merchants. The same trap is pinching their fingers, and if they cannot get somebody to let them loose by furnishing more money, their fingers will be cut off in the trap and their bodies will roll over into the abyss of bankruptcy. The small men who have been crushed can now look on the big ones as they writhe under the torture of contraction, which will be a mirror by which the little ones can be reminded of the tortures they suffered while they had any property left to be absorbed.

MONEY IN THE ASHES.

Discarded Tin Cans Rescued and Turned Into Cash.

On every dumping ground where the city contractors of Brooklyn place their ashes one may see constantly Italians working hard leveling the heaps, as load after load is deposited, and carefully placing the tomato cans and other small pieces of tinware in piles by themselves. The contractors do not object if the householders put old cans just in the ashes, for this insures a careful leveling by the Italians at the dumping grounds at no expense to the contractors.

The revenue from these cans that are collected by the hundreds of thousands is a matter of surprise to most persons. A two-horse load brings from \$5 to \$8. It takes several days of hard work to get a big wagon load, but the Italians don't seem to mind the labor of it, for there is money immediately in sight as the piles of tin cans grow. They watch jealously their picking grounds, and sometimes make special arrangements with the contractors for the privilege of scraping and raking the ash heaps over.

The tin cans are sold to men with furnaces, who place them in a big caldron and under a slow fire melt the tin and solder and run that part off for future use and sale. Almost all the tin and solder is saved by this process, and is enable for use in making more cans for preserving vegetables.

The heat is then made intense and the iron that remains is melted and cast into ash weights. The demand for these old cans is said to be greater than the supply, and one of the most valuable of the scavenger privileges that the Italians in large cities assume is that of working over an ash dump.—N. Y. Sun.

YUMA INDIANS IN MEXICO.

Cannot Be Induced to Leave the Lower Shores of the Colorado River.

The dispute over the alleged illegal occupancy of lands in Lower California, within the Mexican domain, by the Yuma Indians, has broken out afresh, and Minister Romero, of Mexico, has made a formal complaint and called for their transfer across the line to this side. Mr. Romero's complaint has been investigated, and a report has just been made to him by the Secretary of the Interior through the State Department. Agent Estudillo, of the mission agency, in California, was communicated with and he made a personal investigation. He found the Indians opposed to any change, claiming that they had lived upon the lands for many years without knowing or recognizing any difference of government, either Mexican or United States. They displayed commissions for the land signed by Gov. San Quences a long time ago, and after asserting that the absolute right to the lands belonged to them, refuse to leave.

The Indians have lived about the Colorado river, on both sides of the Mexican line, and the agent reported that there was no legitimate way clear for making them leave. The case of the Yumas is not embraced in our extradition treaty with Mexico unless the individual members of the band are charged with some offense. Acting Secretary Ryan reports that if the Mexican government insists upon removal the Indians should be taken to the border line and there met by the Indian reservation police, and every effort made to induce them to remain in their haunts on this side, but that this will prove difficult is only too evident. If they are occupying public lands of Mexico, they can be ejected as trespassers, but this phase of the matter, the department reports, is something with which the Mexican government has solely to do, this government being willing, however, to do all in its power if the Indians are brought over on this side of the line.

FASHION NOTES.

New Notes on Dress Details of Ladies' Costumes.

A handsome hat has a low crown and a moderately wide brim slightly rolled up at both sides. The edge is bound with velvet, and there are thick bunches of velvet roses sewed close under the brim next to the hair. The trimming is a cluster of loops of velvet and wide, heavy ostrich plumes that sweep over and entirely conceal the crown of the hat and drop over the hair at the back.

Colored handkerchiefs are coming into fashion. They are elaborately embroidered, and many of them are very expensive. One of the new patterns is a line of butterflies extending from corner to corner. Another has half a dozen butterflies in one corner; others have two or three in each of the corners. There are also fancy-bordered handkerchiefs and those with wide hems. One of these latter is closely embroidered with excellent imitation of the honeybee.

A novelty veil is about three yards long. The middle of it is placed around the front of the hat and over the face; then the ends are crossed at the back, fastened with a jeweled pin, and brought down on either side of the face and tied in a large bow under the chin. The loops are fastened with stick-pins. On some faces the effect is very pretty.

A new hat is turned down all around in scoop shape. The crown is rather high and narrow, and is trimmed with bands of fancy velvet set round and round. At one side of the crown is a large cluster of ostrich tips, the quills of which are concealed by a rosette of velvet.

A natty little bonnet has a high-peaked crown and is surrounded by puffs of velvet. At the front are bunches of Wales feathers, and around the sides of the bonnet are large plumes. The back turns out slightly over the hair, and is finished with a band of crushed roses.

A pretty bonnet is a cap shape. It is made of passementerie over velvet. The brim is edged with fur, and the trimming consists of large poppy-shaped flowers made of crimped silk surrounded by velvet. Aigrettes and a simple curling ostrich tip complete the trimming.

A neat and rather trying hat is of white velvet. It is bound with ruby velvet, and loops of velvet ribbon are set edgewise around the crown. At the back is a large fan-shaped trimming of aigrettes and bird-of-paradise feathers.

A snug little toque is made of yellow velvet looped and twisted over a frame. The trimming is a wreath of yellow asters with black centers, and a standing plume of bird-of-paradise feathers.

Among the novelties in veils are those of very great size, which cover the entire face and are drawn under the chin.—N. Y. Ledger.

In the year 1883 the consumption of iron, per inhabitant, was: For Great Britain, 400 pounds; Belgium, 310; United States, 290; Germany, 204; Sweden, 170; France, 112; Austria, 45; Spain, 37; Italy, 22, and Russia, 19 pounds.—N. Y. Sun.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

IT RAINED OYSTER SOUP.

An Engineer's Queer Yarn About Saving His Train.

He was more than an ordinarily accomplished liar for an amateur, and they all knew it when they asked him for a story.

"I can tell you how I once ran an engine and saved a train load of people with an oyster stew if you want to know, but I don't think of anything more exciting than that," he said, apologetically.

"That's good enough," they all declared. "Give us that."

"All right, then; here goes," he said, as he settled back in his chair. "I was once engineer on a road that ran for a long distance through the forests of northern Wisconsin, and we were frequently bothered by forest fires. They were particularly bad at the time I speak of. One day I had run through one big blaze, only to find that there was a bigger one ahead. The worst of it was we were low on water, and there was no chance to fill the tank without dashing through the fire ahead of us. I sent the fireman out to see if we had enough to make the run, but he came back and told me the boiler was almost dry."

"I was puzzled for awhile. It was death to all of us I knew to stay there, but how to get out was the question. Suddenly a thought struck me. There was a milk car just behind the first baggage, and I made for it. 'How much milk have you got?' I said to the fellow in charge. 'About 40 cans, I guess,' he answered. 'Why do you ask?' 'Never mind,' says I. 'What's that in those cans in the corner?' 'Oysters,' he answered. 'But why do you want to know?' 'Never you mind,' I told him, and then I ordered the other train hands who had come up to see why we had stopped to tote that milk and those oysters up to the engine. They did it in spite of the kicking of the milkman, and when they had brought them up I ordered them all chucked into the tank. The conductor came up, too, and declared it was a funny notion to be making oyster stew in an engine boiler, when we were in danger of being burned alive, but I soon convinced him that it was necessary if we did not want to stay there and roast."

"Well, we finally dumped in all the milk and all the oysters and started ahead. You ought to have smelled the steam that came back into that engine cab. It would have made you think of an old time church festival. Whew! how that soup did smell. It made the engine jump, though, and that was all we wanted. We got up a great head of steam in no time, and the way we plunged through that next fire belt was a caution. As we pulled up at the station just beyond I opened up and began to whistle. A great cloud of oyster soup or vapor shot into the sky, of course, and didn't come down till we were far out of sight. Then it settled like a thick fog, oysters, soup and all. Everybody noticed it, of course, and there was a country scientist in the town who was sure it was the greatest phenomenon of the age. It was raining oyster soup up there he was sure and the next issue of the weekly papers were full of it—not the soup, but the news of it. After the residents up that way had all swallowed it—not the soup but the story—we told them about it, and that was the silliest looking scientist I ever saw."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The average yearly loss from fires in the United States during the past 20 years has been about \$100,000,000. During the past year, according to the chronicle of fire tables, there have been 38,003 fires, destroying 33,961 pieces of property. The total loss entailed has been \$142,110,233, with an insurance loss of \$84,659,030. In this tall column of disasters there were 22,711 dwelling-houses, 340 churches, 302 colleges and schoolhouses, 502 theaters and public halls and 5,251 manufacturing establishments.—N. Y. Journal.

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West STATIONS East.

8:00 a.m. Benson Ar. 3:40 p.m.

8:30 a.m. Fairbank Ar. 1:00 p.m.

9:00 a.m. Huachuca Ar. 12:10 p.m.

9:30 a.m. Crittenden Ar. 9:00 a.m.

10:00 a.m. Calabazas Ar. 8:00 a.m.

10:30 a.m. Nogales Ar. 8:00 a.m.

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